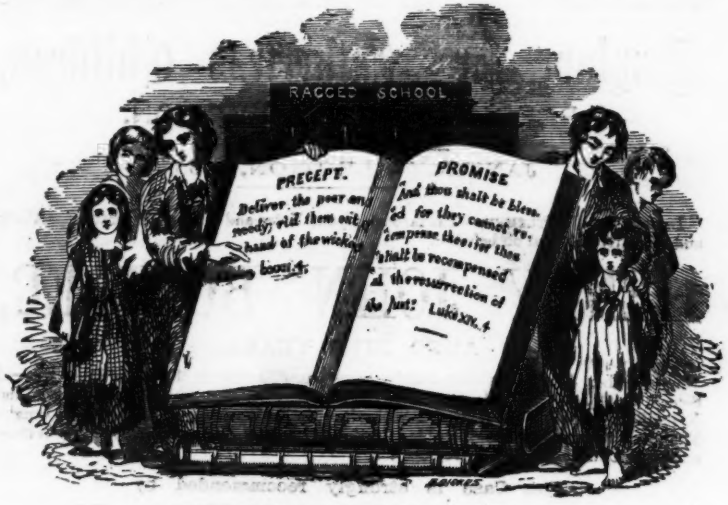
Price 2d.

THE

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE.

No. CLXV. SEPTEMBER, 1862. Vol. XIV.



"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter i. 25.

PROFITS DEVOTED TO RAGGED SCHOOLS.

LONDON:
KENT & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.
JOHNSTONE AND HUNTER, EDINBURGH; ROBERTSON, DUBLIN; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, 1, Exeter Hall, London.
Orders for Advertisements to be sent to Robert K. Burt, Printer, Holborn Hill.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The Committee beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a parcel of clothing, &c., for the Lamb and Flag Schools, from Miss Bodkin; a parcel of clothing for Burton Street School, from an Anonymous Friend; a parcel of books, from a Friend; a parcel of books and shirts, from Mrs. Reade; 300 tickets of admission to the International Exhibition, for the principal paid teachers of the London Ragged Schools (under certain conditions), from H. V.; 200 copies of "Handbook of Scripture Truths," from the "Society for the Gratuitous Supply of Prayers on Cards, &c.;" and a bag of clothing, books, &c., from Miss Killick.

Donations of books, &c., for forming Ragged School Libraries, will be thankfully received by Mr. J. G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand, W.C.

Asylum for Fatherless Children,

REEDHAM, NEAR CROYDON.

JANUARY ELECTION, 1863.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The favour of your Votes and Interest is most respectfully and earnestly solicited on behalf of

HENRY JOHN BUTTLER,

AGED FIVE YEARS,

Whose Father, JAMES BUTTLER, was for many years Teacher in the Hope Street Ragged School, Brick Lane, Spitalfields, and for the last three months of his life Master of the Night Refuge, Field Lane Ragged School, where, in the discharge of his duties, he caught Typhus Fever, and died on 17th May, 1862, after a short illness. He has left a Widow and Four Children totally unprovided for.

The Case is strongly recommended by

WM. ELLICE, Esq., 27, Upper Brook Street, Grosvenor Square.
A. FRASER, Esq., Brewery, Brick Lane.
Rev. JOSIAH VINEY, North Hill, Highgate.
Rev. WM. TYLER, 2, Trafalgar Place East, Hackney Road
WM. ABBELL, Esq., 17, Elder Street, Shoreditch.
J. G. GENT, Esq., 1, Exeter Hall.
W. PAYNE, Esq., Guildhall, City.
J. CIRCUIT, Esq., 19, West Smithfield.
T. TAWELL, Esq., 20, Aldermanbury.
T. J. WINNEY, Esq., Stock Exchange.
J. T. LOVEDAY, Esq., 19, Lombard Street.
WM. GOODWIN, Esq., 8, Finch Lane.

By whom Proxies will be thankfully received, and by the Widow, Mrs. Buttler, 20, Pollard's Row, Bethnal Green.

See page 157, RAGGED SCHOOL UNION MAGAZINE *for July*, 1862.

WANTED, a MASTER for an EVENING RAGGED SCHOOL at Camden Town. Attendance required first four nights in the week, from 7 to 9 o'clock. Salary £20 a year.

Apply by letter, stating qualifications, to R. W., 93, Charrington St., Camden Town.

THE

GROTTO PASSAGE

Refuge and Schools,

55, PADDINGTON STREET,

ST. MARYLEBONE, W.

"Blessed is he that considereth the Poor: the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble."—*Psalm* xli. 1.

SPECIAL APPEAL.

The deficiency in the amount of the Subscriptions and Donations makes it necessary for the Committee to reduce the number of Inmates, in order to bring the expenses within the income; but before doing this they mention the facts, believing there must be some who would rejoice to contribute to a work which has been blessed of God, and which all allow is of incalculable benefit to society. There must be many on whom the gift, £1, £5, £10, or £50, would press very lightly; and there are surely some who would not grudge a little self-denial in order to give a helping hand to the friendless. Yet, for want of these very sums, many a poor boy must be turned starving into the streets, to begin perhaps a long career of crime, which may end in temporal and eternal ruin.

By the kindness and liberality of some friends there is a good Building which can accommodate 35 Boys, yet, unless the funds to feed and train these Boys are forthcoming, scarcely 20 can be maintained. Notwithstanding some discouragement there has been much to cheer; an outward change in the manners and habits of all the Boys, accompanied it is hoped, in not a few instances, by the change of heart.

Those who have learned that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and are in doubt of the worthiness of the object, are requested to visit the Institution and judge for themselves.

Any Contributions will be gladly received by—

The Hon. Miss WALDEGRAVE, 26, Portland Place, W.
Lord RADSTOCK, 30, Bryanston Square, W.
W. J. MAXWELL, Esq., Richmond, Surrey, S.W.
R. B. WADE, Esq., 58, Upper Seymour Street, S.W.
Sir CLAUDE SCOTT, Bart., & Co., Bankers, Cavendish Square, W.
Mr. GENT, Ragged School Union, 1, Exeter Hall.

The Chief Commissioner of the Sanitary Report, visited the Docks to inspect the PURE TEA imported by HORNIMAN & Co., LONDON, from having on investigation found that many teas in general use are covered by the Chinese with an objectionable powdered colour which is drank when the tea is made. Horniman's *Green* is a natural dull olive,—*not bluish*,—the *Black* is not intensely dark; by importing the leaf *uncolorea*, the Chinese cannot disguise and pass off as the best, brown flavourless sorts, consequently, Horniman's *Pure Tea* is *strong*, *delicious*, and *wholesome*. Price 3s. 8d., 4s. 0d. & 4s. 4d. per pound.

LONDON FEMALE PREVENTIVE AND REFORMATORY INSTITUTION.

OFFICE, 200, EUSTON ROAD, NEAR EUSTON SQUARE, N.W.

PRESIDENT—REV. THOMAS DALE, CANON RESIDENTIARY OF ST. PAUL'S.

HOMES SUPPORTED BY THE INSTITUTION.

CENTRAL: 200, Euston Road, N.W. | WEST: Parson's Green, Fulham, S.W.
NORTH: Cornwall Place, Holloway Rd., N. | SOUTH: St. James Place, Old Kent Rd., S.E.

"MY FATHER GAVE ME THREEPENCE-HALFPENNY TO START WITH."

A few days ago a young girl about seventeen applied for admission. Her appearance indicated weariness, poverty, and simplicity. In answer to inquiries she made the following statement, which is given in her own language as near as possible:—"My home is in B —— [about one hundred miles from London], where I have a father living, but he is very poor. My mother died some years ago. As I was slack of work, and had a brother in New Zealand, I thought I would try and get to him, and so I have walked to London; but I have been some time coming. At nights I slept in Unions. Before I left home my father gave me threepence-halfpenny to start with; it was all he could afford. I have not done wrong. I could not face it. Last night I met with a young woman who had been in this Institution, and she advised me to apply here this morning." Poor creature, her story was a simple and painful one, and as she needed immediate protection she was at once received and placed in one of the Homes.

Subscriptions and donations in aid of this Institution will be thankfully received by

Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., Bankers, 73, Lombard Street, E.C.
Mr. F. NICHOLLS, 14, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C.
Mr. E. W. THOMAS, Secretary, 200, Euston Road, Euston Square, N.W.

Remittances always acknowledged by return of post.

Papers, Original and Selected.

A GIPSY PARTY.

In an English gathering of twelve persons it is rare to find that a moiety are not of recent foreign descent. Great Britain has long been the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, and we cannot doubt that the indomitable energy whereby its children are characterized—that unwillingness to know when it is beaten in any national or social conflict—is due to that mixture of races out of which the Briton has been manufactured. Danish, and German, and Dutch, and French names thickly strew the pages of the "Post Office Directory;" and were those nobles who are of foreign lineage weeded from our Peerage, the residuum would be small indeed. Nor is this all. Happily, the majority do not illustrate the dictum of Dr. Johnson, that England is "the needy villain's general home," seeing that a large proportion of our immigrants consist of those who, rather than deny their Saviour, preferred to endure the miseries of exile. Hence, then, when we scan the mixture of foreign bloods which have made the Briton what he is, we may well echo the saying of Wordsworth,—

> "We are of the earth's best blood;
> Have titles manifold."

But among the strange races who have found a home in Great Britain not one is so peculiar in history or customs as the tribe known as Gipsies. Crossing the Channel in myriads some 400 years ago, they soon experienced the ill effect of national prejudice. Suspected of being *suspectable*, as early as 1530 they came under the notice of Parliament, and a statute was passed to expel them from the kingdom, and, in the event of their refusal, to visit them with death. Nor was this Draconian law of a Draconian age suffered to become obsolete, for Sir Matthew Hale states that at one Suffolk Assizes alone no less than thirteen Gipsies were executed for the simple crime of *daring to live!* These cruel laws, however, had not the effect of diminishing their numbers, for, like the Jews, the more they were crushed the more they

multiplied; and, like the ancient people of God, speaking another tongue besides that common to the British people, they still dwell amongst us to astonish the curious by their primitive mode of living, their quaint dialect, and their Hindoo cast of countenance. It is estimated that about 16,000 Gipsies live in England, whilst throughout Europe, especially in the Peninsula, 800,000 of this strange race dwell, like their ancestors, in tents pitched by hedges, or on waste land.

But who are they?—from what country did they migrate?—and why came they to Europe to form a nation amid its varied nations? These are questions which have exercised the thoughts of the ethnologist, and not in vain; for, as in other questions of race, philology has given a clue to this mystery. For example, Borrow, in his remarkable work called "The Bible in Spain," gives a long list of words common to the Gipsy tribe wherever found, which, with slight differences, chiefly in pronunciation, correspond to Hindoo words having the same signification. This fact was strikingly confirmed at a recent meeting of about 130 Gipsies, when Colonel Wakefield, a well-known linguist, who had lived in India twenty-five years, repeated the Hindoo names of some common articles, most of which, though somewhat differently pronounced, they evidently understood. It would thus appear that their so-called "cant words" are but relics of that mother-tongue which they spake 400 years ago, before they left the sunny East for the bleak North. It is supposed that they were originally members of the low Hindoo caste called "Sudras," and that, ejected from their native land by some Mohammedan conqueror, they reached the Continent by way of Egypt, and so crossed the British Channel in their long search for a home.

As no steps were taken either for their social or their spiritual reclamation, they might well have said, "No man careth for our souls." Exceptional cases sometimes, however, occurred, and individual Gipsies—like individual members of our ragged classes before Ragged Schools were established—were pointed to the only remedy for sin. For example, one day when King George III. and his Court were hunting in Windsor Forest the King was missed. As his mind had been affected, the attendants were in consternation, especially as they had searched for him nearly five hours in vain. At length they heard the low sound of a man's voice in a glade of the forest. Rushing to the spot they found the Sovereign kneeling by the side of a dying Gipsy with the open Bible in his hand,

Forgetting his rank, the King was praying and pointing the dying woman to the Lamb of God. The Gipsy died, and the royal preacher saw her no more till they met in the presence of that God who regards the soul of a beggar and that of the mightiest monarch as of equal worth.

Until, however, the attention of the Rev. James Crabb was drawn to the interesting race, they seemed as a class to be given up to devil-worship, or rather to no worship, by the Christians of England. His sympathy for the Gipsies was excited by an incident which occured during the Winchester Assizes of 1827. Mr. Rudall states that as he "entered the court, the Judge was, according to the Draconic code of that day, passing sentence of death on two criminals; to one of whom he held out the hope of mercy, but to the other of whom, a poor Gipsy, who was convicted of horse-stealing, he said no hope could be given. The young man, for he was but a youth, immediately fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands and eyes, apparently unconscious of any person being present but the Judge and himself, addressed him as follows:—'Oh, my lord, save my life!' The Judge replied, 'No; you can have no mercy in this world; I and my brother judges have come to the determination to execute horse-stealers, especially Gipsies, because of the increase of the crime.' The suppliant still on his knees, entreated—'Do, my lord Judge, save my life!—do, for God's sake, for my wife's sake, for my baby's sake!' 'No,' replied the Judge, 'I cannot: you should have thought of your wife and child before.' He then ordered him to be taken away, and he was literally dragged from his earthly judge. Mr. Crabb, on leaving the court, found on the outside, seated upon the ground, an old woman and a very young one, the wife of the condemned criminal. There were two children with them—the eldest three years, and the other an infant, fourteen days old, which the old woman was holding in her arms whilst she endeavoured to comfort its weeping mother."

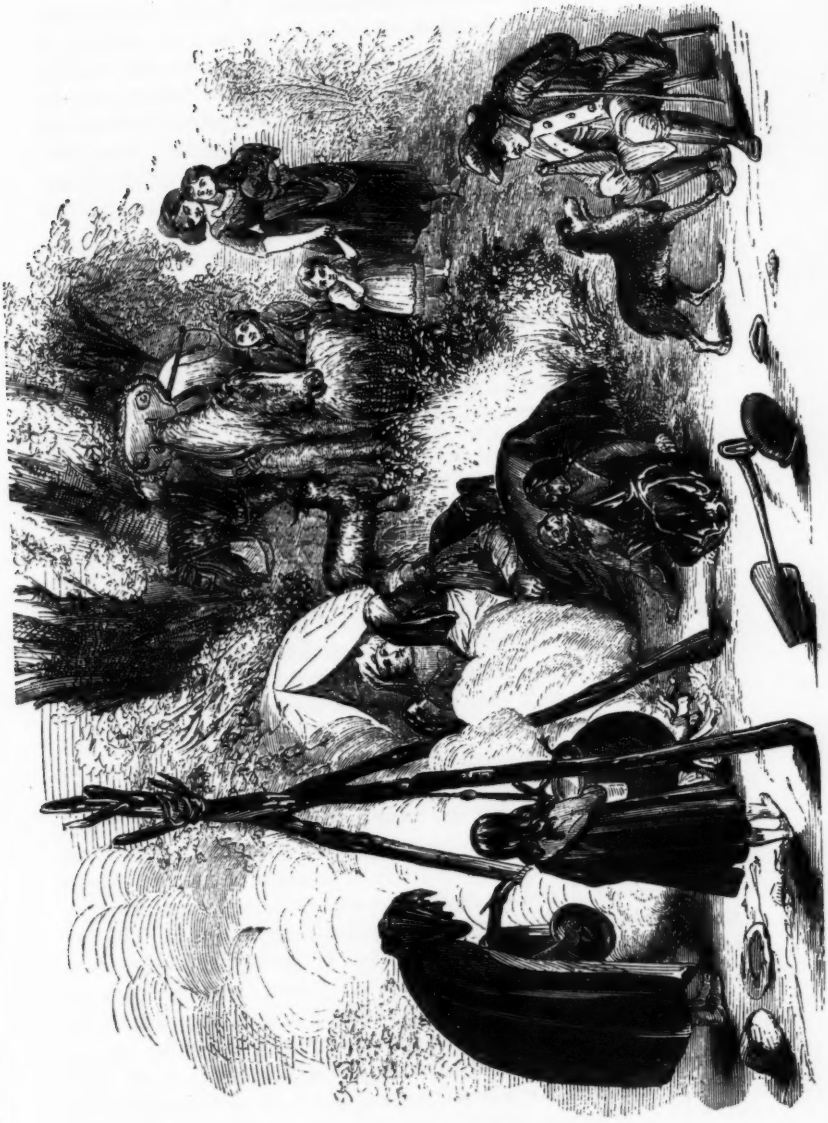
This fearful scene, rendered doubly terrible by the fact that a horse was then seemingly deemed of more value than a man, made a lasting impression; and as Mr. Crabb was not one of the class who, when they see men wounded by the robbers of Jericho, pass by saying, "What is that to us?" he made their evangelization the chief business of his life. Hence, by opening refuges, schools, and preaching stations, he endeavoured to win the despised Gipsy for Christ. Nor were his labours abortive, for many were won

from habits of pilfering to lives of honesty and industry; while not a few proved by regenerated lives that their souls had been cleansed by the blood of the Lamb. Nor is this result strange; for whenever was the fulness of Jesus declared without the prediction of Christ being fulfilled, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me"?

Seeing what a mixed multitude of Jewish, Negro, or Malay descent are congregated in some of our London Ragged Schools, it would have been a mystery had no Gipsies been attracted within their walls. Not unfrequently we meet with their lustrous eyes, glossy black hair, and olive complexion in Ragged Schools. One of these, who possessed a voice most sweet and powerful in tone, for some time led the singing in one of our largest Ragged Churches. Another, the granddaughter of Stanley, the King of the Gipsies, was not a little proud of her royal descent. Thoroughly reformed, she was sent out as an emigrant, married a rich farmer, and is respected by all. The following case, which appears in the last Report of Field Lane Ragged School, gives an insight into the social and moral habits of the Gipsy tribe:—

"S. and R. W., fourteen and fifteen, sons of wandering Gipsies, were perfect specimens of their tribe; when admitted had one pair of old boots between them; their parents were great drunkards, and had constantly been sent to prison. S., while singing in a public-house, so delighted a sea-captain that he offered to take him to sea, and sailed to Russia. The first time he reached a port in England, he commenced scouring the country for his parents, and returning from Fairlop fair, he found them; they shed tears of joy over him, while the young ones danced round him with delight, and soon he was revelling in a savoury dish of hedge-hog(!) This lad was apprenticed to a chimney-sweep, but he soon left it for the green lanes of his childhood. The two boys were now sent to the different villages to sing, and received plenty of money, with which the parents became nightly intoxicated. Their father died. This did not check the habit in the mother. Sending her boys on one occasion to sing at Croydon, she deserted them; they slept under hedges at night; and coming to London, they soon found themselves in the Refuge."

But we are glad to find that a more direct effort has been recently made for the social and spiritual reclamation of the Gipsies, by opening a Ragged School for a section of this people. On a waste piece of land near Notting Hill they have for many years encamped during the winter months. Like most of their race, they live in



tents which average about sixty square feet. As they are usually low pitched, the fashionable mode of exit on the part of adults is on all-fours. There, in company with cats, dogs, rats, and braying donkeys, they dwell; almost blinded by the smoke, which scarcely finds a vent at the small orifice at the top of this primitive dwelling. Very picturesque does this encampment look, especially when, the day's labour over, the camp-fires loom aslant the dark night. Then we may see the original of the photograph of Cowper, so accurate is he in his portrayal of this strange race—

"I see a column of slow rising smoke
O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
A kettle slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
Or vermin, or at best of cock purloined
From his accustomed perch. Hard faring race!
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquenched
The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin—
The vellum of the pedigree they claim."

Most of the males are employed as chair-menders, grinders, peg-makers, or tinkers. Too many of the women, however, visit fairs and races, with the view of liberally endowing foolish people with fortunes which they fail to acquire for themselves. Having an intuitive power of reading character and of eliciting facts by lawyer-like leading questions, it is no wonder that they astonish the superstitious, as well rich as poor, by revelations of what before they regarded as secrets. It is no wonder that, when men wilfully reject the Bible, they should suffer the penalty of being permitted to believe a lie (2 Thess. ii. 11).

It is for this encampment, consisting of about 140 souls, that a Night School has been opened in the school-room of Queen's Road Chapel by Miss Duncan and other true sisters of mercy. About forty Gipsies, old and young, fathers and children, assemble twice weekly during the winter months; and there they are initiated into the mysteries of the alphabet or penmanship—no easy task to the grey beards who are often found grouped around their affectionate teachers. The children are, so to speak, quite the *double* of our Irish scholars in their aptness at learning, and in their physical and mental vivacity. Nor do they lack affection for their teachers, for whilst speaking to them individually they all told us as a great secret, that their own teacher was the very

best, and the kindest in the whole school. Well, then, may we say of this, as the records of every other Ragged School proves. When did love ever fail to evoke love? Rather would we say that, if a man cannot govern by love alone, he shows an inherent unfitness to govern at all.

On a recent visit we found about 130 of these singular people assembled at a real "Gipsy party." They were all members of the Ragged School, or parents of the scholars. A very merry party it was; yet none of those rough tricks were played which we have painfully witnessed at too many Ragged Schools on festival days. To use words which, whether employed conventionally or not, are too often misapplied, the bulk displayed the dignity and courtesy of the true "gentleman" or "lady." They listened to the addresses with rapt attention, or with an occasional interjection, "That's true!" whilst the glistening eye, when the exceeding love of Jesus and the glories of heaven were portrayed, confirmed what we had before been told, that coming merely to learn reading and writing, some had learnt something still better, namely, that the soul can have no true rest out of Jesus.

As we perigrinated from group to group, and from class to class, on a former occasion, many were the quaint remarks we heard "Where do you live?" said we to one bright-eyed boy. "Forty miles from *nowhere*, sir," was the quick reply. One lad was pointed out as being particularly bad. "What did he do?" said we. "Why, sir, he can't deny it—would you believe it?—he laughed during an address." Whilst his suffused cheek bore witness to this sin, we could only wish that all ragged scholars guilty of the same fault felt as conscience-stricken as this poor Gipsy. As a baby had recently died in the encampment there was great excitement in the school, all wondering *why* it had died so soon, and where the soul had gone to. A boy of a different family claimed her as a relative, to the great indignation of his companions, who affirmed that he had told an untruth. "No, you know she wasn't!" angrily exclaimed most. "Yes, she was," said our young friend; "are we not all sons of Adam? is not God our Father? and are we not all going to the same home?" Such was the true doctrine of descent enunciated by this poor Gipsy; proving thereby that he had more correct views of ethnology than those pseudo-philosophers whose great ambition seems to be to prove that they have descended from the monkey species, and thus are but a superior race of apes.

Some of the scholars have already reaped temporal benefit from this new effort. For example, two females have been engaged as domestic servants; one of whom has retained her situation above twelve months, and, as a good servant ought to be, is highly valued by her mistress. Of course, having thus found the value of a regular home, there is no fear of their returning to that camp-life which, however romantic it may seem to those who only see it in sunshine, is attended by terrible hardships, and fearful moral temptations.

Cases of conversion were reported by the teachers; such as left no doubt that the Spirit of God had energised this movement One old man who had served his country fearlessly as a soldier, was especially pointed out to us, who, once of profligate habits, had now enlisted into the service of the Lord of heaven, and was evidently recognised by all his tribe as a "good soldier of Christ." Such cases so often came under the notice of Mr. Crabb that he might have said, man of faith as he was, as he surveyed his special corner of his vineyard, "I walk by sight, not by faith." These, with about 130 more Gipsies, he annually invited to Farnham for social and spiritual intercourse. The poorer afoot, and the richer in donkey carts, poured into the town from all parts of the country, presenting specimens of intellectual beauty which few gatherings could have surpassed. At one of these meetings old Mary Carter, a disciple indeed, thus spake—or should we not rather say, thus powerfully *preached?*—

"Kind Christian friends,—I bless the day that I was born a Gipsy, but I more bless the day that I met Mr. Crabb, now by my side. I bless God, kind people, that I was reclaimed from a wandering life, and brought to a knowledge of the Lord, after spending many of my best years in the service of the wicked one. I thank these kind gentlemen for what they are about to do, and I wish and pray that many of our tribe now standing about here may be brought to that knowledge which blesses the declining days of poor old Mary Carter. Many of you now present, perhaps, despise us—I know some of you do—but I hope you will not continue to do it, for there never was a people more belied than the Gipsies. But look above, for God found us out. Thank God and all good friends for this: I hope that many of the poor, orphan, destitute, and other Gipsy children will, through the means of this school, commenced for bringing the despised Gipsy tribe within the pale, be brought to a knowledge of Christ, and

made useful and industrious men and women, walking in the fear of the Lord. May the Lord bless you all!"

Similar cases might be cited did space permit, all proving that the story of peace, when told by a loving heart, hath a music even for the despised Gipsy. For vast as is the power of human sympathy, how feeble is its amount, or its influence, when compared with the exceeding love of Jesus. Let it, then, be told to the outcast and the forlorn—the class for whom Ragged Schools are designed—in simple Saxon words, and the seed is cast into a good loam soil, to fructify and bear a rich moral harvest. For it is as true now as it was when the Holy Spirit directed his amanuensis to record this striking fact, that, though the great scorned his message of love, "the common people heard him gladly!"

H.

GRAVESEND RAGGED SCHOOL.

THE town of Gravesend is no modern place. It is recorded in Domesday Book, where it was entered by its ancient name of Graves-Ham, which implies the residence of the greve or ruler. From an ancient Peerage we learn Gravesend gave name to an eminent family, one member of which, Sir Stephen de Gravesende, accompanied Edward I. in his wars with Scotland. Other members of the same family became bishops of London. The town is noted not only for its antiquity, but for its position and commerce. It is the first port in the river Thames, and on passing all outward-bound ships must cast anchor, and obtain proper clearance before they can pass on to their destination. All towns of antiquity, such as Chester; or of commercial importance, such as Liverpool, have a great variety in their inhabitants; they include all the grades, from the peer of the realm to the Arab of the street. Gravesend, with both elements, is no exception to the rule. She has her Lord Darnley for her lord of the manor, and she has her destitute ones for her Arabs of the street. She, however, is not a whit behind either Chester, with her Lord Westminster; or Liverpool, with her Lord Derby, in putting forth noble efforts for bettering the condition of the lowest poor. In some respects we think Gravesend sets an example to more wealthy places for its spontaneous liberality in meeting the demands made upon the inhabitants for rescuing the neglected poor, and helping them to help themselves into comparative respectability. For some time a few Christian men and women, as pioneers in the movement, commenced gathering in the neglected children into an incommodious and inexpensive room, their aim being to instruct the unlettered, so as to enable them to read the Bible, and at the same time to impress its saving truths upon their minds. Trial proving a success, the success formed a good basis for further and more extended efforts. The mayor's interest was obtained, and Lord

Darnley's influence was secured. The town knew something more ought to be done than was doing to stop thieving and vagrancy, and thought there might be something in this new effort that would be a benefit *to itself*, and so did not ignore it. When the town was thus soliloquising, its *Free Press* was summing up the criminality of the town, in a leading article of November 30th, and then exclaims, "What! 845 of *one* class of offenders in a small place like Gravesend within one year? Strange, oh sceptic, it appears, but alas! it is too true." Thus, the press, the town, the chief magistrate, and lord of the manor all seemed to concur in the necessity for prompt action. On a dark November night last year, the Town Hall was brilliantly lighted up, and crowded with an attentive audience. The mayor was in the chair, supported by three of the borough magistrates, and Samuel Morley, Esq., of London. On that occasion Mr. Jesse Crook, the treasurer of the Ragged School effort in the town, gave a sketch of the origin and progress of the Ragged School in Gravesend, and demonstrated, in the most satisfactory manner, the immense amount of good that had been achieved by it. He then explained the working of its various departments, and concluded an energetic appeal by saying the committee had taken upon themselves onerous duties and great responsibilities, and that they would neither shrink from the one nor evade the other. They, however, could not well bear the burden alone, nor did they desire to monopolise the honours, and therefore called upon the meeting to help them in the work they had undertaken. The appeal thus made was supported and strengthened by the other gentlemen who spoke on that occasion, and the first result was the unanimous adoption of a resolution to the effect, "That in order the more effectually to carry on the Ragged School work in Gravesend, this meeting deem it expedient to commence a subscription forthwith, thereby to assist the committee in obtaining sufficient funds for the erection of new school-rooms."

The second result was of a more tangible kind, in the shape of contributions, amounting to over £180, subscribed by the meeting before it broke up. The second result gave to the first the influence of an earnest purpose, which was felt by the townspeople for some days after. This was on the 26th of November, and on the Wednesday in the following week, deputations, at the request of the meeting, waited upon the inhabitants for subscriptions, and the result was the increasing of the amount of contributions to £583 2*s.*, sufficient, it was thought, for the purchase of the land and for the erection of the rooms. On July 8th, 1862, the Right Hon. the Earl of Darnley laid the foundation of the new building, on which occasion a paper was read descriptive of the origin, progress, and managers of the school from its commencement to the day of laying the stone. A parchment copy of this document was subsequently deposited in a cavity of the foundation-stone. On laying this stone his lordship expressed his satisfaction at being present, and alluded to his association with the school. He had played a somewhat prominent part in, and shared the responsibility of the undertaking, and they would perhaps bear with him whilst, in a few words, he alluded to the motives and sentiments which had induced him to accept the invitation of the committee to lay the foundation stone of the Ragged School in Gravesend. First, he was deeply impressed with the necessity that, even in this age, existed for

still further extending the benefits of a Christian education to all classes, without distinction of sect. And in saying this he was merely enunciating a truism. He was perfectly aware that there was wanting a unanimity of opinion on the subject of Ragged Schools, but it was obvious to common sense, that if they would extend the benefits of a Christian education to all classes, even to those in the uttermost depths of poverty and squalid misery, they must of necessity employ some such machinery as Ragged Schools. A large body of men, very learned and able, and every way qualified to undertake the inquiry of the general education of the country, had made a report to Government unfavourable to the cause of Ragged Schools, but he confessed that he was one who could not realize their motives, or be convinced by their reasoning. He was giving utterance to no crude opinion of his own, but he was led to this decision by the inexorable logic of facts—facts which showed that in that town, as in other towns, there was a large population which overmatched the resources and perplexed the wisdom of statesmen, and overtasked the energies of the clergy of all denominations. Some of these very lowest of the low were utterly inaccessible to ordinary teaching; but there was below the surface a stratum which it was possible to probe, but it must be done by certain weapons. Such classes as he alluded to must be visited in their own haunts, and taught in their own way, and the weapons he would use were the town missionary, the Scripture-reader, and the Ragged School. As a strict Churchman himself, he had made it an express condition that all the clergymen and ministers of the town should be invited, and it was a matter of regret, which somewhat marred the proceedings of the day, to find that the clergy of the churches in Gravesend were totally unrepresented on the occasion. He was at a loss to understand it, and it was frequently a most painful thing for him to find, that amongst otherwise pious and godly men, a system of exclusiveness prevailed. He did not wish for one moment to impute motives, but on the present occasion he felt very great disappointment, and it was most sad to find the clergymen absent when a building was about to be erected dedicated to the instruction of the poorest classes. He did trust, and he fervently believed, that the erection of such buildings tended to the glory of God, and bringing up to a career of usefulness a vast number whose life would otherwise be one of wretchedness, and, ultimately, of crime; and so long as the building, of which he now had the pleasure and satisfaction of laying the first stone, sought that character, the works and operations should be carried on without distinction of sect or persuasion. As long as this was so he should continue to give it his hearty support, and he did not for one moment doubt that those who had hitherto been so earnest in its welfare would continue to support it with increased assistance; and, by so doing, it could not fail to tend to the good of the town and neighbourhood. His lordship's address was received with loud cheers.

After the Rev. H. Green, a Primitive Methodist, had read the hymn beginning

"Except the Lord conduct the plan,"

and which was sung by the company, the Rev. B. H. Kluht said, He felt that he had never had more honour put upon him than the invitation to take part in that day's proceedings. It was impossible to be engaged in a more interesting ceremony. It was impossible to take a part in a more godlike ceremony. It

reminded him of his blessed Lord and Master. His most sublime mission was to descend from heaven that on earth he might open the eyes of the blind, that he might raise up fallen man from the lowest depths and exalt him, through the mercy of God, to a high position in heaven. The principles of the institution, of which they were assisting in laying the first stone, were of the most catholic character. He had no hesitation in saying that, knowing those who had the management of the institution, that they were above any party feelings. They had but one motive, namely, the unqualified success of the present undertaking. The conduct of the Church ministers seemed to him as if two medical men, who, whilst a fellow-man was dying, were to sit down by his bedside to discuss the merits of the two systems of homœopathy and allopathy, and call in question the theories of medicine whilst the poor creature was perishing. As well might the rich man go down to the poor man's hut and discuss the merits of various dishes in the hearing of the starving man. The present enterprise was one which all should join in. It was warmly supported by one who proved by his acts and deeds to be one of the most far-seeing and accomplished men of his time—he alluded to the late Prince Consort. The Prince of Wales was found amongst those whose names showed how large an influence was brought to bear upon the question of Ragged Schools. They had with them the noble Earl of Shaftesbury, who was never found absent when by his voice he could uphold the welfare of the scheme nearest his heart; and they had the noble Lord Darnley, who was not forgetful of their interests, as proved by his presence there that day. But the success which had attended the efforts of those who had at heart the establishment of a Ragged School in Gravesend must not cause them to be over sanguine. Like all other schemes, there was sure to be an after-clap of some sort or other attendant on it. For instance, it was presumed that the present building would be erected for about £500, but by the time all was finished, it was now found there would be a deficiency of from £130 to £140. He was well aware how much the helping hand had been stretched forth, and, best of all, God himself had lent his assistance, for he felt an inward conviction that God's blessing was on the institution, as within the short period of comparatively a few days, so large a sum as upwards of £500 had been raised. The teachers, too, could prove how completely the Divine blessing assisted their endeavours, and one, formerly a scholar, and now an earnest worker, belonged to one of the district churches, a letter from the clergyman of which had been read, excusing his attendance at this meeting. But he could not conclude without asking all present to award thanks to the teachers, who, by their presence in the school on a Sunday, helped, by deeds as well as words, to raise the fallen, and give moral strength to those so much in need of it. With regard to the building, it was not to be a beautiful one, it was not to be an expensive one, but it was to be a comprehensive one—one suitable for the requirements for which it was intended; and with the heavenly blessing showered down upon it, he felt convinced it must be for the benefit of the town of Gravesend and the community at large.

The proceedings were then brought to a close; but in the evening a few friends took tea together at the Bethel, kindly lent for the purpose. The workmen employed on the building were also present, having been invited by

the committee, as also the ringers. The evening was spent in a very agreeable and profitable manner.

The foundation-stone bore the following inscription:—

"Gravesend Ragged School.
This Stone was Laid by
The Right Honourable the Earl of Darnley,
Patron of the School,
July 8th, 1862."

ANOTHER OF LIFE'S BYE-WAYS, AND WHAT I FOUND THERE.

(*Continued from page* 177.)

"After some days of jaunting, feasting, and sporting about among sing-songs, theatres, and concerts, I became a little more reconciled to my lot. One Sunday evening Murray informed me that on the following Monday I must begin my first lessons in my 'profession,' as he called it. I assented, and felt my hopes rise a little; for as yet, sir, I had only seen the scenes from without, and felt fascinated. A few hours among the ropes and pulleys sobered me down.

"The day came round. At the breakfast-table he said to me, 'Now, Zucci, in an hour or so I must know what you are made of; the time for fun is over, the hour for work is come. I look on the boys I train for the stage, on their first arrival, as a merchant does on an unopened bale of goods left at his warehouse. Like him, I unpack them first thing, remove all the stains, such as home-sickness, fear, stupidity, sullenness, and Sunday School touches; I then shake them in the sieve, look through them, and count the weak spots, stretch them, to know what they'll stand, and number them. Yes, Zucci, I take every boy's number that comes to me; remember that. From what I have seen of you, although unpacked as yet, I fear you're to turn out a bale of soft goods. However, to-day will settle it; I will unpack you in the back parlour—my warehouse, you know. There I'll number you, shelve you; from thence advertise you among my customers; then, when cut and dried and well-shaken together, you'll appear before them on the boards—my counter, you know. If you are of the right stuff, hundreds will receive you, and with their favour make a man of you; if not up to the mark, they'll thrust you from the footlights, as a merchant does a bad shilling out of his change. Now, my boy, get up the steam, and take your finger out of your cheek by the time I return; I mean it this morning, that I do. If out of these limbs of yours I do not bring pence for your purse, brass for your face, and white bread for all the other days of your life, and a feather for my own cap to boot, may I never draw a bow again, or play the man-monkey in the "Lost Child"—that sublime piece which has put Murray astride on the topmost bough. But more, boy, than all this, I swore to your father, by every drop that splashed on the pavement that night I took you off

his hand, I would send you home a gentleman to him; and while I breathe or own the honest name of Murray, I'll keep my word, and a gentleman you shall be.'

"'Mother, let him jump into little Jim's skin-tights; and you, Poll, you see that all is right behind, and the mattresses down. I'll return in ten minutes; I'm only going to Chucklehead's (his name for a barber) to be shaved and see what was up at the "Vic" last night.'

"So saying, and lighting a silver-mounted pipe, he walked off. His mother rose from the table anything but pleased with her appointment. As she opened the door leading to the upper part of the house, she said, 'You little scrap of human flesh, what are you staring at? You ought to hang a smile on every bit of your body. See Murray's desire to make something of you; and I have just had dropped into my lap an hour's work on your account—a regular hunt through a dozen old boxes for raiment to cover your little bunch of spoiled beef. Laugh, sir, this moment; laugh, and be at home.' This said, she disappeared up-stairs, growling.

"'Poll, you meat-consumer, set about clearing away the breakfast things.' This came down stairs like thunder, making the girl spring up as if a shock of electricity had passed through her limbs. This girl was about sixteen years of age; she had escaped from some reformatory, and had been found by Mr. Murray in some of the theatres selling oranges and lemonade. She was an orphan, and lived with her grandmother in a neighbouring court; she came in the morning, and remained all day as a domestic servant, and went home at night. She was a strange girl; quick as thought in all her movements; full of nonsense; said droll things to you; seemed to notice everything round about her, form some idea of it, and suddenly come out with her notions of it in such a way as to strike you, making you think, or convulsing you in laughter. When at her work, she wore a spotted frock, with the sleeves cut away; her dark hair was gathered up into two huge tails brought round her head, and fastened in front with a large brass pin, or sometimes simply folded up and tied with a piece of red window-cord. She was what you would call ugly, queer, mischievous, and very droll; yet to the poor fellows under training Polly was always kind after her own style. She worked like a nigger, and made her work pleasant with snatches of song. Her songs were of three classes, she once told me; the names she gave these classes I have never forgot; they were as follows,—'Rattlers,' 'Weepers,' and 'Heavenlies.' The first she picked up in the streets, the second when in service among gentlefolks, and the third during her stay at the Reformatory; so she told me. She was a good singer; and often when Poll was up-stairs and a storm was raging below, she would burst forth with a 'Rattler,' and cause the combatants, against their wills, to turn their rage into a roar of laughter. I have cause to remember Polly, and will do so, for she was kind, very kind to me.

"After Mrs. Murray had gone up-stairs, and her son to the barbers, Polly dived among the breakfast-dishes, and commenced to wash them; as usual, she cheered her work with a 'Weeper' or 'Rattler.' Suddenly she paused, and, looking me full in the face, she said, 'Zuc, as soon as I am done with my dishes do you know what I'll do?'

"'How should I know?' I replied.

"'Then I'll tell you. I am just going to make a couple of ear-stoppers. You see there's to be an unpacking to-day.'

"'Whatever do you mean, Polly; and what has that got to do with ear-stoppers?'

"'I mean what I say, Zuc. You're to be unpacked to-day didn't master tell you. La! how short your memory is to be sure; you'll remember it better after two o'clock to-day, I know—at least little Jim Reed did so."

"'But still, Polly, about the stoppers?'

"'Well, between master's swearing, fiddling, and the young un's roaring, there's such a row rises that it goes right through my nut, hair and all. I get as flurried as a dog at the Derby. I can't work, I can't sing a "Rattler," a "Weeper," or a "Heavenly," when master's unpacking a little un. If I can't get up-stairs I use ear-stoppers now; yet, after all, somehow I have a turn of the shakes on these days.'

"'But what does master do to the boys when unpacking them, Polly?'

"'Why you see, Zuc, when master's on the stage he does all the dancing, leaping, and tom-foolery of the piece, and always requires a little un to do some of the parts with him. In teaching them to do this, he nearly breaks every bone in their body, so Jim Reed used to tell me. Aye, he told me one day, master used to toss him about like a pancake on Shrove Tuesday, and made him dance to every corner of the room like a rubber ball.'

"'Oh! that's unpacking, Polly.'

"'Aye, that's unpacking, Zucci, and there's more in it than I can tell you; for instance, if you get rusty when he's undoing you, he'll fiddle-bow you all over in grand style, and he hits hard too; so you close your ivories and bite your lips, then the screams won't get out, you know; and never forget to lemon juice your toes, knuckles, and neck; you'll get used to it. We once had a little nigger training, and before being undone every day he put wax out of his ears on his toes, knuckles, and neck. Oh, how that darkey used to laugh at the very thought of splitting master's fiddle-bow. And, oh, how master used to make that darkey dance and spin about to be sure! missis used to say he could jump through her wedding-ring. But, Zuc, I must run, missis is shutting the boxes, she has found your tights, and the mattresses aint down. When you come out from the parlour, you will find under your pillow a piece of cake and an orange; that's the medicine I give every chap the first day he has his strings cut; it helps him through, you know, Zuc; but if you split on me to missis, I'll serve you out for it, that I will, I'll come and sing a "Rattler" to your "Roarer" at the parlour door, and when you come out I won't speak to you. Mind what Poll says to you, if you expect to thrive; so now go ahead.'

"Here Poll disappeared into the back-parlour, and commenced to lay down the mattresses, singing in a low, plaintive voice, a verse of one of her tenderest 'Weepers.' She had scarcely gone when down came Mrs. Murray with my tights in her hand, her son arriving from the barber's at the same time.

"'Why aint you dressed, Zucci? time flies!' he exclaimed.

"'The tights have wings too, sir, I've just caught them on the hop, and if

you have had more time than you needed, it would have been saved had you come and helped me to lime them.'

"This was uttered in a manner so cool that he ventured no reply. He feared her exceedingly, and always obeyed her as quietly and as quickly as Polly did, and as I did after knowing her; from the cat on the rug to the master of the house, all feared, obeyed, and almost hated her. Throwing the tights at me, she ordered me up-stairs, saying, 'and in a twinkling be down ready for business.' Her manner rendered remonstrance impossible and delay dangerous. I accordingly obeyed. With a heavy heart, full of sad reflections as to my fate and them that plunged me into it, I arrayed myself in the said tights, consisting of long stockings, drawers, and shirt of a bright saffron colour. A tear or two stole down my cheek as I looked at myself in showman's dress, and the mysterious speech of Polly did not improve my spirits. I sat down on my bed, thinking on the past and future. I was soon, however, roused from my meditations by the shrill voice of Mrs. Murray; in mock tenderness she called to me, 'Shall I come up and carry you down stairs, or will the darling require his new ma to help him into his tights?' This remark caused a feeling to rise in my heart that I did not know was in it before. It rose like a flash of light in a dark place. It was a kind of hardness of heart. I seemed to pass from fear into a kind of careless fury towards my lot, towards Murray, and his mother. When out of their sight it left me, the moment they appeared it returned into full force. The feeling put me in mind of the ways of an old game cock belonging to a neighbour near our Ragged School; if you approached him with grain he would allow you to stroke him on the back, but if you crawled on your knees and held out your cap to him, his ruff would rise, and dash at you with beak and spur. So the conduct of Murray and his mother seemed always to hold out a cap to the eyes of my heart, and it learned to raise its ruff, and use its beak and spur. 'Ah! sir, living with the wicked hardens the tenderest heart; it makes a little devil of a boy's heart.'

"I came down stairs filled with a kind of laughing despair. When I appeared before them, I was welcomed by a shower of bravos from mother and son; she gave me a slap on the back, and said, 'Now, master, you do look like business, thin and straight as an arrow; if Murray do his duty, you'll be able to go through the eye of the ogre in the "Giant Killer," without touching a lash of it, by next Christmas.'

"Here Murray rose, saying, 'that he will, mother; come on, Zucci;' and making a few stage bows before me, he pushed open the parlour door, and said,—

'Walk into my pretty parlour,
My pretty little fly.'

"Just before walking in, Poll contrived to catch my eye, she rubbed her fingers over her teeth, as much as to say, 'Keep your ivories shut, Zucci.' I smiled to her, and entered the parlour with Murray, who shut and locked the door behind us."

(*To be continued.*)

LETTERS FROM RAGGED SCHOOL EMIGRANTS.

The following letters have been received from youths who lately were scholars in Institutions in London connected with the Ragged School Union. They furnish another proof of the benefits resulting from the care and training bestowed on scholars in Ragged Schools, and inmates of Ragged School Refuges :—

From a Sailor Boy on H.M.S. Scylla.

"Gibraltar, January 12th, 1862.

"Dear Mr. W.,—I write these few lines to you, hoping to find you quite well, as it leaves me at present. We have come from Corfu to Gibraltar to get our orders for America, and I wish you would let me know whether the war is over, if you have any idea. Please give my respects to all at home, and tell them I am quite well, and hope they are the same. Dear sir, I have one question to ask you—would you be kind enough to do a little good for my sister now, as she has no father nor mother. If you could do a little good for her I should be very much obliged to you. Dear sir, I have lost my father about fifteen months, and likewise my mother about nine months, and I was very sorry when I lost them. I have no one to write to me or send me any papers but you, sir. Dear sir, I thank you for sending them papers to me, for they pass away many unhappy hours. Please write, and let me know how you and your father are getting on. Please tell your father I am very much obliged to him for curing my eyes. I have been away from you four years and three months, and by the time I have been away five years and three months I shall be home. Then I shall come and see you. So no more at present from your obedient servant, "B. E."

From an Emigrant in Canada.

"February 20, 1862.

"Dear Sir,—I now take the pleasure of writing to you to inform you that I am a doing very well and enjoying very good health, and I hope these few lines will find you the same. Dear sir, I received your paper on the 13th of January (the *Illustrated London News*). Sir, I am very thankful to you for your kindness in thinking of me, for it is a great pleasure to me to think that I am not forgot, though I am so far away. Sir, there is two or three farmers here, and they was very glad to see the paper, but very sorry to hear of the death of Prince Albert. Sir, I now take the liberty to send you the National Anthem that was published in Upper Canada for this sad occasion, and I know that you will like it if you have not seen it before. The people in Canada seem to be preparing for Mr. Yankey, and I think that he will have to be smart, or he will have to make another Bull's Run. Sir, I wrote a letter to Mrs. P——, and I would like to know if she received it. Give my love to her and all her family, and tell her that if I live till the spring of 1863, I hope to come home and thank her for all her kindness to me. Give my love to Mr. W—— and his family, and I hope he is a doing well. Sir, I hope that James H—— is going to the school

now it is winter, and John P——. If they are, give my love to them. We have a very severe winter here this year. It is very cold; I have to wear two or three pairs of socks to keep my feet warm, or else they would freeze. Give my love to all the boys, and tell them that I am a doing well. Good bye.

"I remain, your most obedient servant,

"C. W."

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

"God save our gracious Queen;
Long live our noble Queen;
God save the Queen.
Lord, heal her bleeding heart,
Assuage its grievous smart,
Thy heavenly peace impart:
God save the Queen.

"Our royal widow bless;
God guard the fatherless;
God save the Queen.
Shield them with loving care;
Their mighty grief we share;
Lord, hear the people's prayer:
God save the Queen.

"O Lord our God, arise,
Bless England's enemies;
On Thee we call;
Let sorrow whisper peace;
Bid wrong and anger cease;
Let truth and love increase:
God save the Queen."

From a Young Man in New Zealand.

"9th August, 1861.

"DEAR MR. W.,—I now write in answer to yours, dated February 15th, 1861, which was received on the 29th April last. You say that you think I am disappointed at not hearing from you. I will tell you the truth, I keep on thinking of having one every mail; so you are right. Dear Mr. W., you say you hope that my brothers and myself are thinking about our Creator. We do, Mr. W., and we thank you for it, in learning us to do so. If not, Mr. W., I am sure we would not have what we have got; for there is people out here has been for ten years in Canterbury, and is not so well off as when they first came. About my brother not liking the colony—I think it is because he could not make a pound a-day—that's what he thought, I think so—but I may be wrong. But, Mr. W., if Robert and his wife and children had gone up the country, as the people call it, like Walter and me did; but he must stop in the town, where there was no work to do. But he has never wanted for anything yet, as I know of. I am very glad that Mr. C. is quite well. You say that the Shoe-black boys are going to have a treat; I hope they will enjoy themselves, and you too. I have received the newspaper, and thank you for it. And the Maori war is at an end now, thank God, or else I don't know what would become of us. They have made peace. My mother is quite well, Alfred, Walter, and my sister too; and for myself, I am quite well, thank God, and I hope you are the same. I don't think of anything else at present, so I will wish you good night, and remain

"Yours ever sincerely,

"C. R."

THE DIAMOND RING, AND WHAT IT DID.

THE following interesting particulars are taken from a volume entitled "The Spirit in the Word. Facts Gathered from a Thirty Years' Ministry." By Rev. W. W. Champneys, M.A.:—

"It has been truly though quaintly said, that 'he who will watch Providence will never want a Providence to watch.' There *is* 'a never-failing Providence that ordereth all things both in heaven and earth;' *proofs* of this surround us on all sides. 'He that is wise and will ponder those things, he, even *he*, shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord.' They shall show him that He who knows all the wants of all his creatures, he who understands all the circumstances in which each of us is placed, does arrange events to meet those circumstances and provide for those wants, so as to *prove* that he does know and take cognizance of them all. And this, which the Christian is constantly remarking for himself—these acts of God's ever-present and ready help—convince those 'whom he brings up in his steadfast fear and love,' that he whom they serve is the living God, the true God, the all-wise God, the considerate and condescending Father, the unfailing Friend of all who put their trust in him.

"It was a damp night in the early winter, and London had put on her evening dress of yellowish fog, when a number of children, the representatives of a large school, came by appointment to my house. The good and wise master of the school, desiring to impress on these children the great benefits they were receiving in a good education given them, and in clothing freely provided for them, suggested to them that they might show their thankfulness to God for these his mercies by assisting some poor children who had not these good things which they had. The suggestion was met by a ready response; a large number agreed to pay a small weekly subscription, and it was arranged that, with this money, materials should be purchased, made up into garments by the girls, and then given to some Ragged School. My schools were kindly selected to receive some of these gifts of youthful love, and, that the children might *see for themselves* the class and kind of children to whose help their gifts were to be applied, it was settled that a 'deputation,' to use a modern term, should go with the master, if I thought well, to visit some of our Ragged Schools. The plan had so much good sense in it, and it was so practical, that I, of course, assented, and, at the hour appointed, the 'deputation' made its appearance at my door.

"I had not given any notice of our visit, as I wished them to see the schools, not especially 'got up' for the occasion, but in their usual working order. I led the little troop of neatly-dressed boys and girls to the school. The building, when we took it through the kind aid of those who would not wish their names known, was an old coach factory. There were three floors, two very steep ladders, a little back court, and that was all—a mere skeleton; but it was all we wanted, and, having had additional supports put up to bear the weight of the children whom we expected, and, having bought forms, books, &c., we opened it for the evenings, and it was soon quite full. WHO put it into the hearts of these poor little ones to press into that school, and

climb those ladders? WHO made them willing to endure night after night the air of those crowded rooms? and that is no easy matter; for, however ventilated, they are never filled 'with gales of spice from Araby the blest,' and I know no better or more effectual receipt for *romantic* notions of morbid and superficial philanthropy than the regular 'attendance on a Ragged School.' WHO gave the poor children the earnest thirst for knowledge, and the desire for religious teaching, which made them, often after a hard day's work, patient and attentive, sometimes for two hours, to the instruction which their kind, self-denying, and devoted teachers gave? WHO made this desire to be so general and almost universal, that, as school after school was opened, they were all filled almost as soon as opened. Surely He only 'from whom *all* holy desires, *all* good counsels, and *all* just works do proceed.' Up those steep ladders—for stairs they could not truly be called—I now led my 'deputation.' We could scarcely find room for this fresh influx in the crowded room. The busy hum of work was heard, and the classes, ranged round their several teachers, were all engaged as we entered. I spoke to the superintendent, told him who these little strangers were, and why they had come. A word made perfect silence. I told the children of the Ragged School who these friends were, and what they had been doing, and what they had given; and this, of course, insured a loving welcome. My wish was, if possible, to show to the visitors the *kind* of children from which our Ragged Schools are drafted, and the hardships which some of them at least have to endure. So I ran my eye over the boys, and told the three that stood nearest to me to come out to me.

"'Where did you sleep last night, my boy?' I said to the first.

"'In a sugar-tub, sir.'

"I must explain that one part of our staple trade in Whitechapel is sugar refining; the raw sugar is brought over in large hogsheads, which are called 'sugar-tubs;' when these are emptied they are rolled out into the street, and may be seen standing, often in rows, outside the sugar-refiners' warehouses. In one of these the poor child said he had slept the night before.

"'And where did you sleep last night?' I said to the next.

"'In a sugar-tub; but I did not sleep there all night.'

"'Why not?'

"'A p'liceman turned us out.'

"The staves of these hogsheads being often stolen to sell for firewood, had rendered it necessary that the police should not allow the children to sleep there.

"'Well, what did you do when the policeman turned you out?'

"'Walked about all night, sir.'

"Our young visitors heard *that*—walk about all night in the cold, wet, dreary streets, sleepy, tired, hungry, shivering, ill-clothed: there stood the poor child before them who said, and said it as if it were no uncommon thing, that *he* had done it.

"'Yes, sir,' said the man who lived in the Ragged School, to take care of it, 'I am sure that the boy is speaking the truth. I saw him when I took down the shutters, at a little after five this morning—I saw him walking up and down, and he looked so pale and *dragged*, that I took him in, let him rest, and gave him a bit of bread and a cup of coffee.'

"I said within myself, 'That poor child shall not walk the streets to-night; perhaps he is *truly* an orphan—practically he is so, at all events—but *we* must try and look after him.'

"I left the facts of that evening (for there was more that was elicited from the poor children about themselves) to work their own impression on the young visitors, and left the school determined, God helping me, that we would try to prevent *such* misery, if possible.

"The next day, or the next day but one after this visit, a friend called to see me. He had been at O——; he had seen Mrs. —— there, a dear friend of mine, who had often thought of us, and of our wants, and of our works, as, indeed, so *many* did. 'I have brought a note from her to you, and a parcel.' I read the note; it was very simple, like herself. 'I have done with these things now—I am too old. Will you make use of it *in any way you please*, only for your *Ragged Schools?*' I opened the very small and diminutive parcel; I took off the first paper, there was an oval little box, such as are used for lozenges, within that a little black ring-box, and within that a *diamond ring*, which a glance showed to be of considerable value. And it was *at or about* the very time when I had said within myself, 'God helping me, this boy shall not sleep in the street, we must do something,' that it was put into this dear lady's heart, so far away, to send that to me, the sale of which enabled us to give a rough lodging—indeed, a thoroughly ragged lodging—to between two and three hundred poor, outcast, penniless boys, with such a breakfast as would start them fair for the day, and enable them to go out to see what they could earn and pick up for themselves. When I see two pieces of wood exactly fitting each other, I know what a 'tally' means, and can understand how, in very early times, when *other* documents were less easily created, the production of one of these would prove to the party who held the other that the communication was genuine, and the messenger authorized. Who made this out, the want and its supply—the purpose secretly determined in one heart, the means of accomplishing it secretly suggested to another? Was this a chance, a coincidence, a curious concurrence of unordered circumstances? I venture to say that I do not believe in chance—that there is *no such thing at all*. Chances are often providences in little things—things which we poor men call little; but who has not seen that many of these little things are the small hinges on which great events turn—events which often give a colour and complexion to the whole life?

"I believe that 'the Lord, who careth for the poor and needy, who will save the children of the poor,' brought these two things together—the sufferings of the houseless little ones, and the bounty; provided what, in some small degree, met their case, and relieved their want, without giving a premium to idleness, or encouragement to evil.

That rough dormitory was the parent of a refuge and a home, where scores of boys, tested by a process which tries their patience, their endurance, their principle, their industry, are not only sheltered, but sheltered chiefly *at their own cost*, and prepared to go out into the world, not as ragged outcasts, but as well-principled and well-instructed lads, to take their own place, and do their own work in the world.

"Watches are not the only important pieces of machinery which have been made to go upon a 'DIAMOND.'"

RAGGED SCHOOL FLOWER SHOWS.

In concluding the leading article of last month, page 173, on this subject, we gave expression to a desire in the following words:—"We sincerely hope our friends, in both town and country, will carefully consider the subject of Flower Shows in Ragged Schools, with a view to their more general adoption." We did not expect to hear of this "adoption" till 1863, but we did hope in the meantime the subject would be brought under consideration with a view to ultimate action. Some of our friends it seems were not willing to delay action so long, and therefore decided to do something in the present season, although late, as will be seen from the following notice:—

CLERKENWELL LAMB AND FLAG RAGGED SCHOOLS,

CLERKENWELL GREEN.

A CHRYSANTHEMUM, POMPONE, AND FLOWER SHOW,

Will be held in the SCHOOL-ROOM, LAMB COURT, on WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1862, subject to the following Regulations:—

1.—All plants intended for exhibition must be registered six weeks before the day of the Show; attendance will be given for this purpose, and to receive applications for space, every Wednesday evening from 8 to 9 o'clock, until Wednesday, September 17.

2.—A special stand will be provided for those ladies or gentlemen, who having reared plants, will kindly send them for exhibition, or permit them to be sold on the day of the Show, for the benefit of the School.

3.—All plants to be exhibited should be delivered at the School-room between the hours of 8 and 10 on the morning of November 5th. The outsides of the pots to be washed clean, and yellow or dirty leaves to be removed.

THE FOLLOWING PRIZES WILL BE GIVEN.

		1st Prize.	2nd Prize.	3rd Prize.
	Class First.			
To Children of the School only	For Chrysanthemums grown in Pots	3s. 0d.	2s. 0d.	1s. 0d.
	For Pompones grown in Pots . .	3s. 0d.	2s. 0d.	1s. 0d.
	For Case of Ferns or other Plants, grown under Glass . . .	2s. 6d.	2s. 0d.	1s. 0d.
	All Pots in this Class to be the same size, viz., five inches across, or 48's.			
	Class Second.			
To the Poor of the District of Cow Cross, Clerkenwell Green, and Courts of Aylesbury Street	For Chrysanthemums in Pots . .	5s. 0d.	3s. 0d.	2s. 0d.
	For Pompones in Pots	5s. 0d.	3s. 0d.	2s. 0d.
	For Plants in Case or under Glass .	4s. 0d.	2s. 6d.	2s. 0d.
	Class Third.			
To either of the above or to Competitors living out of the Districts named.	For a Collection of Three Best Plants of Chrysanthemums . .	6s. 0d.	4s. 0d.	3s. 0d.
	Ditto Pompones	5s. 0d.	3s. 0d.	2s. 0d.
	Ditto Plants grown in Baskets .	4s. 0d.	3s. 0d.	2s. 0d.
	Class Fourth.			
Ditto, Do.	For a Collection of Cut Flowers, showing the greatest variety and best arrangement . . .	2s. 6d.	1s. 6d.	1s. 0d.
	Class Fifth.			
For the Girls of the School only	For a Bouquet, Vase, or Basket of Artificial Flowers, showing the greatest taste in arrangement .	2s. 6d.	1s. 6d.	1s. 0d.
	Three extra Prizes, open to All, are offered by a Gentleman for Plants of any Description not mentioned above	5s. 0d.	3s. 0d.	2s. 0d.

Mr. S. Broome, of the Temple Gardens, has kindly consented to become one of the Adjudicators on this occasion.

Further Particulars may be had on application at the School on Wednesday Evenings.

W. J. WATTS, *Hon. Sec.*

Notice of Meeting.

NEW NICHOL STREET, SPITALFIELDS.

THE annual meeting was recently held in Union Chapel, Islington. The Earl of Shaftesbury occupied the chair.

After expressing the pleasure he felt in coming amongst them to aid so good a cause as that of Ragged Schools, and his regret that he would not be able to stay more than a few minutes, his lordship proceeded to say that the committee and friends of the New Nichol Street Ragged Schools were to be congratulated on account of their large sympathy with distant necessity, and also on account of the great success which had attended their efforts. The effects of the movement were manifest to every one who would take the trouble to search for them. But he was satisfied they would never extract from the Ragged School system all the advantages which they expected to derive from it, without very extended effort. They must go on with the work until all the poor and neglected districts were dotted over with schools. The effects of the schools were not so visible as might be wished, because they were constantly overpowered by the mass of vice and destitution that surrounded them. They were in the predicament of a man who had cleansed his own house, and done all he could to get rid of miasma, but still suffered on account of his neighbours' neglect. They had about 25,000 children under tuition in London, and there were probably as many more needing such an agency as the Nichol Street Ragged School. It was sometimes objected, that these Ragged Schools were not schools of a sufficiently secular character, but mostly religious in their teaching. That was true. But they must recollect that they had to deal with a peculiar class of the population, very different from the sons and daughters of respectable shopkeepers. They had to do with a somewhat wild and migratory population, some remaining six months, and others only two or three months in the same locality. Their duty, therefore, was to give them "the one thing needful," that which was necessary to everlasting life. The other things were the embellishments of life, which those who prospered might afterwards acquire for themselves. The thing wanted was, to infuse into the children a knowledge of religion. Therefore it was they could not make a public exhibition of their schools, or show off great accomplishments. God forbid that anything of that kind should ever be attempted. They would be labouring to make the children only ostentatious little brats, one saying it had got a prize for etymology and skill in grammar, another for geography, and so forth. They might create a number of coxcombs, who would be unfit for any useful service. Homely and menial employments, which were as valuable as anything else, would be set aside, and, as a consequence, hundreds of thousands of young men and women would be unfitted for the ordinary duties of life. Their aim, however, was to elevate and purify the hearts and feelings of that most neglected class. He was glad to find that in some of the schools the children were being taught the management of a few flowers. Those flowers were brought into a show, and prizes were given for the best. That would not give rise to pride. It was an elevating, and, at the same time, a humble occupation. Let them visit the most destitute places, and they would find that the children, if they could get a bit of daisy or chickweed, would plant it in some piece of earth, and take pleasure in its growth. Well, let them foster that disposition, and it would pro-

duce the most beneficial effects. When he considered the many proofs of success which were vouchsafed them in the present day he was astounded that there should be such difficulty in urging forward the work, and that funds should be so much wanted. Ragged School work was one of the most effective, conservative, and divine works ever entrusted to human hands. He was delighted, too, to think that it was the means of combination and union amongst persons of different persuasions, but yet holding the great and pre-eminent truth. At the present time it was more than usually necessary, because of late very serious controversies had been opened, and very ugly words had passed between different parties. He liked individual action and individual character, and he didn't know whether he should please his clerical friends, but he confessed to an astonishing liking for a small amount of orthodox Nonconformity. (Laughter.) If it were not for that, he thought the Church of England might be going to sleep; and he must be allowed to say that the Church of England often did some good to the Nonconformists. He should be sorry to see the two parties ceasing to exercise a beneficial influence upon each other. In conclusion, he urged them to go on in the strength of God's word, knowing that, however they might be influenced by various ecclesiastical forms, they had the same one Head, in whom they lived, and moved, and had their being. He regretted that he could not remain amongst them, but he had felt it due to them that he should come to express in person his deep interest in the work, and his deep gratitude to the teachers and friends of the Nichol Street Ragged School, and to his friend Mr. Allon. (Cheers.)

His lordship here vacated the chair, which was then taken by Henry Spicer, Esq., who called upon the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Henry Spicer, jun., to read the annual report.

It detailed the circumstances which had led to the erection of the present premises in New Nichol Street, which were, however, quite inadequate to the wants of the district. The entire operations of the school were never in a more flourishing condition. The number of children admitted into the day school during the year had been 598, whilst the number on the books was 226, showing an average attendance of about four months for each child. The evening school, conducted by voluntary teachers, three evenings in the week, has had an average attendance of 166. Some of the old scholars manifest their gratitude for the advantages they have derived in these schools by becoming teachers in them. Several lectures have been given, and the general progress has been very satisfactory. The Sunday school numbers 606 children on the books, and the attendance has been 102 in the morning, and 304 in the afternoon, taught by 32 teachers. Of the children taught in these schools, 83 took prizes for keeping their situations for twelve months. The Penny Bank has had 241 depositors, and the sums deposited amounted to £92 16s. 10d., less by £32 0s. 7d. than the previous year, owing probably to general distress and badness of trade. The amount paid out was £65 7s., being nearly double that of last year. The sewing class has been attended by thirty-five girls. The clothing fund received £83 6s. 10d. The library in connection with the Sunday school has been extensively used. A greater variety of books is much needed. During the winter months a soup kitchen was opened. Missionary work and house-to-house visitation have been carried on with increasing success.

The cash statement showed a balance of £147 18s. 2d. due to the Treasurer.

The Rev. Dr. Archer, Rev. H. Allon, E. Ball, Esq., M.P., Joseph Payne, Esq., Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Williams, and other gentlemen, addressed the meeting.

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The following Contributions have been received in aid of the Ragged School Union from the 20th of July, 1862, to the 20th of August, 1862.

General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Baines, C. A., Esq.	1	0	0
Buffett, Miss	0	5	9
Canterbury, The Archbishop of	2	2	0
Chesl, Mr.	0	10	0
Claypon, B., Esq.	5	0	0
Cure, Capel, Esq.	5	0	0
Deane & Co., Messrs.	1	1	0
Denison, Mrs.	5	0	0
E. L.	0	2	6
Evans, Miss	0	5	0
Farquhar, Miss	2	2	0
Focquett, Colonel H.	0	10	0
Friend, A, per Mrs. Uwins	0	10	0
Friend, A " "	0	10	0
Gabb, Mrs.	1	5	0
Geeson, W., Esq.	0	10	0
Guthrie, A., Esq.	5	5	0
Horne, Dr.	1	1	0
Howard, Mr. J.	1	1	0
J. P.	1	1	0
Killick, Captain	1	1	0
Killick, Miss	0	5	0
Lake, George, Esq.	3	0	0
Lister, Miss A.	0	10	0
Lucey, J., Esq.	1	1	0
Lush, W. V., Esq.	0	10	6
Morrieson, Colonel	5	0	0
Nicholson, Lieut.-Colonel L.	2	0	0
Preston, Rev. A. M.	0	10	6
Reade, Mrs.	0	10	0
Rickards, Mrs.	0	10	0
Roberts, Miss	1	0	0
Roberts, L. & H.	0	7	6
Scott, S., Esq.	10	0	0
Shakerley, Dowager Lady	10	0	0
Smith, Mrs.	1	0	0
Tuffnell, E. C., Esq.	1	1	0
Uwins, Mrs.	1	0	0
Waldo-Sibthorp, Mrs.	2	0	0
Waldo-Sibthorp, H. A. M., Esq.	3	0	0
Watson, The Rev. W. Watson	0	10	0
Watson, Mrs.	0	10	0
Well-wisher, A	0	5	0

Refuge Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Scott, S., Esq.	10	0	0
Shakerley, Dowager Lady	5	0	0
Springett, Miss	1	0	0

Excursion Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Arden, Hon. Miss	2	0	0
Alexander, J. W., Esq.	5	0	0
Bevan, R. C. L., Esq.	10	0	0
Buxton, T. F., Esq.	3	0	0
Casterton, J. W., Esq.	5	0	0
Claypon, B., Esq.	1	1	0
C. W. Matthew vi. 3.	1	0	0
Darnley, Earl of	1	0	0
Ducie, Earl	3	0	0
Duckett, Dowager Lady	5	0	0
Dawson, Mrs.	0	5	0
Dyer, Mrs.	1	0	0
Kinnaird, Lord	1	0	0
Maxwell, W. J., Esq.	0	10	6
Millar, W., Esq.	2	2	0
Passmore, Miss	0	10	0
Pollard, W., Esq.	5	0	0
Reade, Mrs.	0	7	6
Shakerley, Dowager Lady	5	0	0
Scott, S., Esq.	10	0	0
Silver, Miss	0	1	0
Sperling, J., Esq.	4	0	0
White, J., Esq.	1	0	0
Whitlaw, Mrs.	1	0	0
Wood, J. C., Esq.	5	0	0
Wynen, Mr. G. S.	0	10	0
Wynen, Mrs.	0	10	0

School Fund.

Bacon Street Excursion.

	£	s.	d.
Sperling, J., Esq.	1	0	0

Brill Place.

	£	s.	d.
McAll, Mrs.	5	0	0

Cripples' Home.

	£	s.	d.
Lister, Miss A.	0	10	0

Female Preventive, &c.

	£	s.	d.
Mexborough, Dowager Countess of	2	0	0

Lamb and Flag.

	£	s.	d.
Burroughs, Mrs.	1	0	0

Webber Row.

	£	s.	d.
Anonymous	0	2	6
Sibthorp, Miss	1	0	0

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3 ft. wide by 6 ft. 4 in. long	£2	5	0
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4 ft. 6 in. " "	3	0	0
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Printed by ROBERT KINGSTON BURT, of No. 40, Highbury New Park, in the County of Middlesex, at his Office, Holborn Hill, in the City of London; and published by Kent & Co., 21, Paternoster Row, in the City of London.—MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1862.